A Tanned Hide

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A Tanned Hide

by Watermelonsmellinfellon

Summary

'Hannibal and Will leaving on Will's boat post-fall and Hannibal gets really tan from being out in the sun all the time and Will teases Hannibal about how he has tan lines, so Hannibal starts sunbathing naked on the deck. And Will is just like - oh god.'

Tumblr Prompt from @comeoncurly and @strangestorys.

Notes

This is a cute little O/S. Some post-fall fluff and naughty Hannibal.

See the end of the work for more notes

A/N: Hello, people!

I don't own Hannibal.

I have no beta.

ENJOY!

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR. HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.

Leaving America while on a boat had not been Will's plan when he lugged them both off the cliff. Nor was it the plan when Hannibal pulled them both from the demanding ocean. In fact, he never thought Hannibal would be the kind to travel by boat and the experience was certainly new to Will. Hannibal liked opulence and Will's little boat didn't provide much of that.

Hannibal had simply asked if he'd left his boat at Wolf Trap and Will had answered in affirmative and that was all it took. Hannibal took them to Bedelia's home first, where they treated their wounds immediately and roused the blonde woman from her slumber with smirks of pure devilry and promises of an entertaining evening.

And slowly, piece by piece, they fed Bedelia Du Maurier her own leg, and then the other, followed by her arms. Within a week's time, all that was left of the woman, was her torso and her head. She died in her sleep, exhaustion and blood loss too much for her to bear.

After that, Hannibal took her keys, some non perishables from her cupboards, and drove he and Will out to Wolf Trap, where Will's boat was anchored carefully on the lake.

"Where do you plan to go?" Will asked, remembering the various calls Hannibal had made over the week and the secretive smiles the man flashed him whenever he asked what was up.

"Rio is nice all year 'round, I figured you'd like it there."

Luckily, Will spoke Spanish. Growing up in New Orleans, he learned French, then English, and finally Spanish as his main languages. He could do a passable amount of Italian when in need, the language so similar to French and Spanish that he could at least understand what was being said to him.

"What about where *you'd* like to go?" asked Will, curious.

Hannibal rubbed his thumb over Will's knuckles and smiled. "So long as we're together, I'm perfectly content no matter where we go."

Hannibal must have been a heartthrob.

Will was sure that line would make anyone flutter.

The travel down to South America is long. They follow the line of North America, stopping in various coastal cities and towns along the way, getting what they need and leaving quickly afterwards.

They never stay in one place for too long, knowing they wouldn't blend in.

However, Hannibal and Will are both beginning to blend little by little. Hannibal tans naturally, while Will has to suffer through intense burn before the red darkens his skin. Hannibal was already sporting tan lines on his face and around his shoulders and of course the parts of him not revealed in the sunlight.

Hannibal handles the heat much better than Will, who is used to the cold. Will removes most of his clothing eagerly, hoping to cool off. Hannibal can walk around in cargo shorts and a tank top without a problem and sweats minimally. The bastard.

Will is jealous obviously and in his childishness, he taunts Hannibal about his tan lines and how his skin is pink in some areas, but nearing brown in others.

"I see no problem," said the man, whose hair was beginning to bleach a lighter shade of blond due to the sun bearing down upon them so much. "It happens to a good portion of the world and I am not worried about it."

Of course the man didn't care about the funny lines on his face. The ones that matched the shape of his sunglasses.

"Besides, I don't have to suffer through unbearable heat and unforgiving blisters, so why should I care?"

That was a low blow.

Will huffed and decided to go below deck, because Hannibal was unfair and he wanted to pout without seeing Hannibal's smug smile.

When Will returned to the deck an hour later, he was greeted with the sight of Hannibal's bare backside. Hannibal was languidly stretched across the deck, body on perfect display. His rump, which was fresh and pink, was exposed to the hot sun and he didn't seem to mind in the least.

Will knew his mouth was open and he didn't bother to close it because he didn't know what to say in regards to it all.

Hannibal's silver/blond head turned in his direction, pillowed on his crossed forearms. "See something you like?"

It was a juvenile thing to say but Will was still affected by it.

"Why?" was all he managed to get out.

The smug smirk was back, "I figured you would enjoy my body more if I was completely tanned."

'Enjoy my body more.'

Will's mouth went dry and the words, '*Oh God.*' were ringing in his mind.

He'd never liked men before right? No, he hadn't. So it must have been just Hannibal then. Yes, it was just Hannibal that he was attracted to.

And staring at the obvious line separating tanned flesh from pale flesh was taunting. Inviting even.

He found himself wondering if Hannibal's skin tasted of salty sweat or not and following behind it was whether it was hot to the touch like it looked or not.

Will blinked away such thoughts, amazed at his own inner boldness.

"Will," said Hannibal imploringly, drawing his attention back to the nude sunbather on his deck.

"Perhaps you would like to join me?" was the 'innocent' suggestion.

"I burn," was all Will could say in an attempt to decline the offer.

Hannibal's arm lifted to reveal a brown bottle of tanning lotion. "Come. Lay beside me and I'll rub it in for you."

Will refused to admit that he whimpered a bit, mind conjuring images of Hannibal massaging the lotion into his skin with those predatory hands. He also did not rush on over to the attractive man that was smiling at him, ordering him to submit to his ministrations.

No, Will was simply indulging his friend… who was currently nibbling on his neck as he smoothed the cold lotion into Will's back and shoulders.

He let out a small, almost imperceptible moan.

"Oh, *Will*," breathed Hannibal, blowing hot air across Will's ear, making goose-flesh raise in its wake. "You're my darling, boy, aren't you?"

Oh, God.

A/N: DONE!

How was it? Let me know.

Check out my other fics.

See ya! :D

CHECK ME OUT ON TUMBLR. HELLY-WATERMELONSMELLINFELLON. I FOLLOW BACK.

End Notes

How y'all liked it!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!